CASTARA.

The first part.

—Carmina non prius
Audita, Musarum sacerdos
Virginibus.—

LONDON,
Printed by *Anne Griffin* for *William Cooke*,
and are to bee sold at his shop neare
Furnivals Inne gate in Holburne.
1634.

CASTARA.

1570

The Printer.

NO Reader, without errour of his owne judgement, will cenſure the *Errata*, as defects in the Authour, whoſe care hath beene to rectifie ſome words that would afflict his ſenſe, many faults, as notes, or points of diſtinction (although theſe direct much to the underſtanding) have eſcaped him, and therefore he referres them to thy timely correction, thus:

Errata.

Pag. 8. *line* 3. *for* ſilent'ſt *read* ſilent'ſt. *pag.* 33. *li.* 21. *for* horne *r.* corne. *pag.* 41. *li.* 6. *for* bed *r.* led. *pag.* 72. *li.* 1. *for* ſilent *r.* ſluent. *pag.* 77. *li.* 17. *for* bloud *r.* love.

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The Authour.

THe Preſſe hath gathered into one, what fancie had ſcattered in many looſe papers. To write ; but, love ſtole ſome houres from buſines, and my more ſerious ſtudie. For though Poetrie may challenge, if not priority, yet equality with the beſt Sciences, both for antiquity and worth. I never ſet ſo high an ate upon her, as to give my ſelfe entirely up to her devotion. She hath in her too much ayre, and (if without offence to our next tranſmarine neighbour,) ſhe wantons too much according to the French garbe. And when ſhe is wholly imploy'd in the ſoft ſtraines of love, his ſoule who entertaines her, loſeth much of that ſtrength which ſhould confirme him man. The nerves of judgement are weakned moſt by her dalliance ; and when woman (I meane onely as ſhe is externally faire) is the the ſupreme object of wit, we ſoone degenerate into effeminatie. For the religion of fancie declines

into a mad superstition, when shee adores that Idoll which is not secure from age and sickneſſe. Of such heathens, our times afford us a pitied multitude, who can give no nobler testimony of twenty yeares imployment, then some loose copies of lust happily, expreſt. Yet these the common people of wit blow up with their breath of praiſe, and honour with the sacred name of Poets. To which as I believe they can never have any just claime, so shall not I dare by this essay to lay any title, since more sweat and oyle be must spend, who shall arrogate so excellent an attribute. Yet if the innocencie of a chaſte Muſe shall be more acceptable, and weigh heavier in the ballance of esteeme, then a fame, begot in adultery of study, I doubt I shall leave them no hope of competition. For how unhappy soever I may be in the elocution, I am sure the Theame is worthy enough. In all those flames with which I burnt, I never felt a wanton heat; nor was my invention ever finister from the strait way of chaſtity. And when love builds upon that rocke, hee may safely contemne the battery of the waves, and threatnings of the wind. Since Time, that makes a mockery of the firmeſt structures, shall it selfe be ruinated, before that bee demolisht. Thus was the foundation laid. And though my eye in its survey, was satisfied even to curiosity; yet did not my search rest there. The Alabaſter,

Ivory,

Ivory, Porphir, Jet, that lent an admirable beauty to the outward building, intertained me with but a halfe pleasure, since they stood there onely to make sport for ruine. But when my soule grew acquainted with the owner of that mansion; I found that Oratory was dumbe when it begunne to speake her, and wonder (which must necessarily seize the best at that time) a lethargie, that dulled too much the faculties of the minde, onely fit to busie themselves in discoursing her perfections, Wisdome, I encounter'd there, that could not spend it selfe, since it affected silence, attentive onely to instructions, as if all her senses had been contracted into hearing: Innocencie, so not vitiated by conversation with the world, that the subtill Artist of her sex, would have tearm'd it ignorance: Wit, which seated it selfe most in the apprehension, and if not inforc'd by good manners, would scarce have gain'd the name of affability. Modesty, so timorous, that it represented a besieg'd City, standing watchfully upon her guard, strongest in the loyalty to her Prince. In a word, all those vertues which should restore woman to her primitive state of beauty, fully adorn'd her. But I shall be censur'd, in labouring to come nigh the truth, guiltie of an indiscreet Rhetoricke. However such I fancied her, for to say she is, or was such, were to play the Merchant, and boast too

much

much the value of a Iewell I poſſeſſe, but haue no minde to part with. And though I appeare to ſtriue againſt the ſtreame of beſt wits, in erecting the ſelfe ſame Altar, both to chaſtity and loue; I will for once aduenture to doe well, without a preſident. Nor if my rigid friend queſtion ſupercilioufly the ſetting forth of theſe Poems, will I excuſe my ſelfe (though juſtly perhaps I might) that importunity preuailed, and elder iudgements aduis'd: This only I dare ſay, that if they are not ſtrangled with ill vſe of the preſent, they may happily liue in the not diſlike of future times. For then partiality ceaſeth, and vertue is without the idolatrie of her clients, eſteemed worthy honour. Nothing new is free from detraction, and when Princes alter iuſtomes euen heauy to the ſubject, beſt ordinances are interpreted innouations. Had I ſlept in the ſilence of my acquaintance, and affected no ſtudy beyond that which the chaſe or field allowes, Poetrie, had then beene no ſcandall vpon me, and the loue of learning no ſuſpicion of ill husbandry. But what malice, begot in the Countrey vpon ignorance, or in the City vpon Criticiſme, ſhall prepare againſt mee, I am armed to endure. For as the face of vertue lookes louely without the adultery of art, ſo fame needs no aid from rumour to ſtrengthen her ſelfe. If theſe lines retaine that courtſhip, (I will not ſay flattery) which in-

ſinuates

ſinuates it ſelfe into the favour of great men, beſt; they partake of my modeſty: If Satyre to mine applauſe with the envious multitude; they expreſſe my content, which maliceth none, the fruition of that, they eſteeme happy. And if not too indulgent to what is my owne; I thinke even theſe verſes will have that proportion in the worlds opinion, that heaven hath allotted me in fortune; not ſo high, as to be wondred at, nor ſo low as to be contemned.

To his best friend and kinsman,
On his CASTARA.

NOt in the silence of remote, and store
Of private sweets, ought thy Muse charme us more
Then thy Castara's eare? 'T were wrong such gold
Should not like Mines, (poore nam'd to this) beholde
It selfe a publike joy. Who her restraine,
Make a close prisoner of a Soveraigne:
Inlarge her then to triumph. While we see
Such worth in beauty, such desert in thee,
Such mutuall flames betweene you both, as shame
How chastity, though ice, like love can flame,
Yet stand a Virgin. How that full content
By vertue is to soules united, lent,
Which proves all wealth is poore, all honours are
But empty titles, highest power but care,
That quits not cost. Yet Heaven to Vertue kind,
Hath given you plenty to suffice a minde
That knowes but temper. For beyond your state
May be a prouder, not a happier Fate.
I Write not this in hop't' incroach on fame,
Or adde a greater lustre to your name.
Bright in it selfe enough. We two are knowne
To th' world, as to our selves, to be but one
In blood as study. And my carefull love
Did never action worth my name approve,
Which serv'd not thee. Nor did we ere contend,
But who should be best patterne of a friend.
Who read thee, praise thy fancie, and admire
Thee burning with so high and pure a fire,
As reaches heaven it selfe. But I who know
Thy soule religious to her ends, where grow
No sinnes by art or custome, boldly can
Stile thee more than good Poet, a good man.
Then let thy temples shake off vulgar bayes,
Th' hast built an Altar which enshrines thy praise:
And to the faith of after time commends
Yee the best paire of lovers, us of friends.

G.T.

To CASTARA,

A Sacrifice.

LEt the chaste Phœnix from the flowrie East,
Bring the sweet treasure of her perfum'd nest,
As incense to this Altar, where the name
Of my *Castara* grav'd by th' hand of fame.
Let purer Virgins to redeeme the ayre
From loose infection, bring their zealous prayer
T'assist at this great feast: whose duty shall see,
What rites Love offers up to Chastity.
Let all the amorous Youth, whose faire desire
Felt never warmth, but from a noble fire,
Bring hither their bright flames, which here shall shine
As Tapers fixt abovt *Castara's* shrine,
While I the Priest, my inflam'd heart, surprise,
And in this Temple mak't her sacrifice.

To CASTARA,

Praying.

I Saw *Castara* pray, and from the skie,
A winged legion of bright Angels flie
To catch her vowes, for feare her Virgin prayer
Might chance to mingle with impurer aire.

To vulgar eyes the sacred truth I write,
May seeme a fancie: But the Eagles sight
Of Saints, and Poets miracles oft view,
Which to dull Heretikes appeare untrue.
Faire zeale begets such wonders. O divine
And purest beauty; let me thee enshrine
In my devoted soule, and from thy praise,
T'enrich my garland plucke religious Bayes.
Shine thou the starre by which my thoughts shall move,
Best subject of my pen, Queene of my love.

To Roses in the bosome of CASTARA.

YEE blushing Virgins happy are
In the chaste Nunnery of her breasts.
For hee'd prophane so chaste a faire,
Who ere should call them Cupids nests.

Transplanted thus how bright yee grow;
How rich a perfume doe yee yeeld
In some close garden, Cowslips so
Are sweeter then ith' open field.

In those white cloysters live secure
From the rude blasts of wanton breath,
Each houre more innocent and pure,
Till you shall wither into death.

Then that which living gave you roome,
Your glorious sepulcher shall be,
There wants no marble for a tombe,
Whose brest hath marble beene to me.

To CASTARA,
A Vow.

BY thoſe chaſte lamps which yeeld a ſilent light,
To the cold Urnes of Virgins; By that night,
Which guilty of no crime, doth onely heare
The Vowes of recluſe Nuns, and th' An'chrits prayer;
And by thy chaſter ſelfe; My fervent zeale
Like mountaine ice, which the North winds congeale,
To pureſt Chryſtall, feeles no wanton fire.
But as the humble Pilgrim, whoſe deſire
Bleſt in Chriſts cottage, view by Angels hands,
Tranſported from fad Bethlem, wondring ſtands
At the great miracle: So I at thee,
Whoſe beauty is the ſhrine of chaſtity.
Thus my bright Muſe in a new orbe ſhall move,
And even teach Religion how to love.

To CASTARA,
Of his being in Love.

WHere am I? not in heaven: for oh I feele
The ſtone of *Siſiphus*, *Ixions* wheele;
And all thoſe tortures, Poets (by their wine
Made judges) laid on *Tantalus*, are mine.
Nor yet am I in hell; for ſtill I ſtand,
Though giddy in my paſſion, on firme land,
And ſtill behold the ſeaſons of the yeare,
Springs in my hope, and Winters in my feare.

And sure I'me 'bove the earth: For th' highest star
Shoots beames, but dim, to what *Castara's* are,
And in her sight and favour I even shine
In a bright orbe beyond the Christalline.
If then *Castara* I in heaven nor move,
Nor earth, nor hell; where am I, but in love?

To my honoured friend,
M^r. E. P.

NOt still ith' shine of Kings. Thou dost retire
Sometime to th' Holly shade, where the chaste quire
Of Muses doth the stubborne Panther awe,
And give the wildenesse of his nature law.
The wind his chariot stops: Th' attentive rocke
The rigor doth of his creation mocke,
And gently melts away: *Anger* in heare
The musicke, turnes each eye into an eare.
To welcome thee, *Endymion*, glorious they
Triumph to force these creatures disobey.
What nature hath enacted. But no charme
The Virgins have these monsters can disarme
Of their innated rage: No spell can tame
The North-winds fury, but *Castara's* name.
Climbe yonder forked hill, and see if there
Ith' barke of every Daphne, not appeare
Castara written; And so markt by me,
How great a Prophet growes each Virgin tree?
Lie downe, and listen what the sacred spring
In her harmonious murmurs, strives to sing,
To th' neighbring banke, ere her loose waters erre
Through common channels; sings she not of her?

Behold

Behold yond' violet, which such honour gaines,
That growing but to emulate her vaines,
Its azur'd like the skie: When she doth bow
T'invoke *Castara*, heaven perfumes her vow.
The trees, the waters, and the flowers adore
The Deity of her sex, and through each pore
Breath forth her glories. But unquiet love
To make affection so ill-nurtur'd prove,
As if all eares should heare her praise alone.
Now listen thou; *Endymion* sings his owne.

To CASTARA.

DOe not their prophane Orgies heare,
Who but to wealth no altars reare,
The soule's oft poysned through the eare.

Castara rather seeke to dwell
Ith' silence of a private cell.
Rich discontent's a glorious hell.

Yet *Hindlip* doth not want extent
Of roome (though not magnificent)
To give free welcome to content.

There shalt thou see the early Spring,
That wealthy stocke of nature bring,
Of which the Sybils bookes did sing.

From fruitlesse Palmes shall honey flow,
And barren Winter Harvest show,
While Lillies in his bosome grow,

No North-wind ſhall the corne infeſt,
But the ſoft ſpirit of the Eaſt,
Our ſent with perfum'd banquets feaſt.

A Satyre here and there ſhall trip,
In hope to purchaſe leave to ſip
Sweet Nectar from a Fairies lip.

The Nimphs with quivers ſhall adorne
Their active ſides, and rowſe the morne
With the ſhrill muſicke of their horne.

Wakened with which, and viewing thee,
Faire *Daphne* her faire ſelfe ſhall free,
From the chaſte priſon of a tree:

And with *Narciſſus* (to thy face
Who humbly will aſcribe all grace)
Shall once againe purſue the chace.

So they, whoſe wiſdome did diſcuſſe
Of theſe as fictions; ſhall in us
Finde, they were more then fabulous.

To Castara,

Softly ſinging to her ſelfe.

SIng forth ſweet Cherubin (for we have choice
Of reaſons in thy beauty and thy voice,

To

To name thee ſo, and ſcarce appeare prophane)
Sing forth, that while the orbs celeſtiall ſtraine
To eccho thy ſweet note, our humane eares
May then receive the muſicke of the ſpheares.
But yet take heed, leſt if the Swans of Thames,
That adde harmonious pleaſures to the ſtreames,
Oth' ſudden heare thy well-divided breath,
Should liſten, and in ſilence welcome death.
And raviſht Nightingales, ſtriving too high
To reach thee, in the emulation die.
And thus there will be left no bird to ſing
Farewell to th' Waters, welcome to the Spring.

To a Wanton.

IN vaine faire ſorcereſſe, thy eyes ſpeake charmes,
In vaine thou mak'ſt looſe circles with thy armes.
I'me 'bove thy ſpels. No magicke him can move
In whom *Caſtara* hath inſpir'd her love.
As ſhe, keepe thou ſtrict cent'nell o're thy eare,
Leſt it the whiſpers of ſoft courtiers heare;
Reade not his raptures, whoſe invention muſt
Write journey worke, both for his Patrons luſt,
And his owne plush: let no admirer feaſt
His eye oth' naked banquet of thy breſt.
If this faire preſident, nor yet my want
Of love, to anſwer thine, make thee recant
Thy ſorceries; Pity ſhall to juſtice turne,
And judge thee, witch, in thy owne flames to burne.

To the honourable my much honoured friend,
R.B. Esquire.

WHile you dare truſt the loudeſt tongue of fame,
The zeale you beare yonr Miſtreſſe to proclaime
To th' talking world: I in the ſilent'ſt grove,
Scarce to my ſelfe dare whiſper that I love.
Thee, titles, *Bruſ'ſell*, riches thee adorne,
And vigorous youth to vice not headlong borne
By tide of cuſtome: Which I value more
Then what blinde ſuperſtitious fooles adore,
Who greatneſſe in the chaire of bliſſe enthrone.
Greatneſſe we borrow, Vertue is our owne.
In thy attempt be proſperous, and when ere
Thou ſhalt prefix the houre, may *Hymen* weare
His brighteſt robe; where ſome fam'd Perſian ſhall
Worke by the wonder of her needle all
The nuptiall joyes; which (if we Poets be
True Prophets) bountcous heaven deſignes for thee.
I envie not, but glory in thy fate,
While in the narrow limits of my ſtate
I bound my hopes. Which if *Cuſtura* daigne
Once to entitle hers; the wealthieſt graine
My earth, untild ſhall beare; my trees ſhall grone
Under their fruitfull burthen, and at one
And the ſame ſeaſon, Nature forth ſhall bring
Riches of Autumne, pleaſures of the Spring.
But digge, and thou ſhalt finde a purer Mine
Then th' Indians boaſt: Taſte of this generous Vine,

And

And her bloud ſweeter will than Nectar prove.
Such miracles wait on a noble love.
But ſhould ſhe ſcorne my ſute, Ile tread that path
Which none but ſome ſad Fairy beaten hath,
There force wrong'd *Philomel*, hearing my mone,
To ſigh my greater griefes, forget her owne.

To CASTARA,

Inquiring why I loved her.

WHy doth the ſtubborne iron prove
So gentle to th' magnetique ſtone?
How know you that the orbs doe move
With muſicke too? ſince heard of none?
And I will anſwer why I love.

Tis not thy vertues, each a ſtarre
Which in thy ſoules bright ſpheare doe ſhine,
Shooting their beauties from a farre,
To make each gazers heart like thine;
Our vertues often Meteors are.

Tis not thy face. I cannot ſpie,
When Poets weepe ſome Virgins death,
That *Cupid* wantons in her eye,
Or perfumes vapour from her breath.
And there muſt once thy beauty lie.

Nor is't thy birth. For I was ne're
So vaine as in that to delight:

Which ballance it no weight doth beare,
Nor yet is object to the ſight,
But onely fils the vulgar eare.

Nor yet thy fortunes: Since I know
They in their motion like the Sea:
Ebbe from the good, to th' impious flow:
And ſo in flattery betray,
That, raiſing they but overthrow.

And yet theſe attributes might prove
Fuell enough t'inflame deſire:
But there was ſomething from above,
Shot without reaſons guide, this fire:
I know, yet know not, why I love.

To CASTARA,

Looking upon him.

TRanſfix me with that flaming dart:
Ith' eye, or breſt, or any part,
So thou, *Caſtara*, ſpare my heart.

The cold Cymerian by that bright
Warme wound, in th' darkneſſe of his night,
Might both recover heat, and light.

The rugged Scythian gently move,
Ith whiſpring ſhadow of ſome grove,
That's conſecrate to ſportive love.

December ſee the Primroſe grow,
The Rivers in ſoft murmurs flow,
And from his head ſhake off his ſnow.

And crooked age might feele againe
Thoſe heats, of which youth did complaine,
While freſh bloud ſwels each withered veine.

For the bright luſtre of thy eyes,
Which but to warme them would ſuffice,
Would burne me to a ſacrifice.

To the right honourable my very good Lady,
Anne *Counteſſe of* Ar.

WIng'd with delight (yet ſuch as ſtill doth beare
Chaſte vertues ſtampe) thoſe children of the yeare,
The dayes, haſte nimbly; and while as they flie,
Each of them with their predeceſſors vye,
Which yeelds moſt pleaſure; you to them diſpence,
What Time loſt with his cradle, innocence.
So I (if fancie not delude my ſight,)
See often the pale monarch of the night,
Diana, 'mong her nimphs. For every quire
Of vulgar ſtarres, who lend their weaker fire
To conquer the nights chilneſſe, with their Queene,
In harmleſſe revels tread the happy greene.
But I who am proſcrib'd by tyrant love,
Seeke out a ſilent exile in ſome grove,

Where nought except a ſolitary ſpring,
Was ever heard, to which the Nimphs did ſing
Narciſſus obſequies: For onely there
Is muſique apt to catch an am'rous eare.
Caſtara! oh my heart! How great a flame
Did even ſhoot into me with her name:
Caſtara hath betraid me to a zeale
Which thus diſtracts my hopes. Flints may conceale
In their cold veines a fire, but I whoſe heart
By love's diſſolv'd, ne're practis'd that cold art.
But truce thou warring paſſion, for I'le now
Madam to you addreſſe this ſolemne vow.
By Vertue and your ſelfe (beſt friends) I finde
In the interiour province of your minde
Such government; That if great men obey
Th' example of your order, they will ſway
Without reproofe. For onely you unite
Honour with ſweetneſſe, vertue with delight.

Vpon CASTARA'S *frowne or ſmile.*

LEarn'd ſhade of *Tycho Brache*, who to us,
The ſtars propheticke language didſt impart,
And even in life their miſteries diſcuſſe:
Caſtara hath o'rethrowne thy ſtrongeſt art.

When cuſtome ſtruggles from her beaten path,
Then accidents muſt needs uncertaine be.
For if *Caſtara* ſmile; though winter hath
Lock't up the rivers: Summer's warme in me.

And

And *Flora* by the miracle revived,
Doth even at her owne beauty wondring ſtand.
But ſhould ſhe frowne; the Northerne wind arriv'd
In midſt of Summer leads his frozen band:

Which doth to ice my youthfull blond congeale,
Yet in the midſt of ice, ſtill flames my zeale.

In CASTARA
All fortunes.

YE glorious wits, who finde then Parian ſtone
A nobler quarry to build trophies on,
Purchaſt 'gainſt conquer'd time; Goe court loud fame;
He wins it, who but ſings *Caſtara's* name.
Aſpiring ſoules, who grow but in a Spring,
Forc't by the warmth of ſome indulgent King:
Know if *Caſtara* ſmile; I dwell in it,
And vye for glory with the Favourit.
Ye ſonnes of avarice, who but to ſhare
Uncertaine treaſure with a certaine care,
Tempt death in th' horrid ocean: I when ere
I but approach her, finde the Indies there.
Heaven brighteſt Saint, kinde to my vowes made thee
Of all ambition courts th' Epitome.

Vpon thought CASTARA *may die.*

IF ſhe ſhould die, (as well ſuſpect we may,
A body ſo compact ſhould ne're decay)

Her

Her brighter ſoule would in the Moone inſpire
More chaſtity, in dimmer ſtarres more fire.
You twins of *Leda* (as your parents are
In their wilde luſts) may grow irregular
Now in your motion: for the marriner
Henceforth ſhall onely ſteere his courſe by her.
And when the zeale of after times ſhall ſpie
Her uncorrupt ith' happy marble lie;
The roſes in her cheekes unwithered,
'Twill turne to love, and dote upon the dead.
For he who did to her in life diſpence
A heaven, will baniſh all corruption thence.

Time to the moments, on ſight of CASTARA.

YOu younger children of your father ſtay,
Swift flying moments (which divide the day
And with your number meaſure out the yeare
In various ſeaſons) ſtay and wonder here.
For ſince my cradle, I ſo bright a grace
Ne're ſaw, as you ſee in *Caſtara's* face;
Whom nature to revenge ſome youthfull crime,
Would never frame, till age had weakned Time.
Elſe ſpight of fate, in ſome faire forme of clay
My youth I'de bodied, throwne my ſythe away,
And broke my glaſſe. But ſince that cannot be,
I'le puniſh Nature for her injurie.
On nimble moments in your journey flie,
Caſtara ſhall like me grow old, and die.

To a friend inquiring her name, whom he loved.

FOnd Love himſelfe hopes to diſguiſe
From view, if he but covered lies,
Ith' veile of thy tranſparent eyes.

Though in a ſmile himſelfe he hide,
Or in a ſigh, thou art ſo tride
In all his arts, hee'le be diſcride.

I muſt confeſſe (Deare friend) my flame,
Whoſe boaſts *Caſtara* ſo doth tame,
That not thy faith, ſhall know her name.

'Twere prophanation of my zeale,
If but abroad one whiſper ſteale,
They love betray, who him reveale.

In a darke cave, which never eye
Could by his ſubtleſt ray deſcry,
It doth like a rich minerall lie.

Which if ſhe with her flame refine,
I'de force it from that obſcure Mine,
And then it like pure gold ſhould ſhine.

A Dialogue betweene

HOPE *and* FEARE.

FEARE. CHecke thy forward thoughts, and know
Hymen onely joynes their hands;
Who with even paces goe,
She in gold, he rich in lands.

HOPE. But *Caſtara's* purer fire,
When it meets a noble flame:
Shuns the ſmoke of ſuch deſire,
Joynes with love, and burnes the ſame.

FEARE. Yet obedience muſt prevaile,
They who o're her actions ſway:
Would have her in th' Ocean ſaile,
And contemne thy narrow ſea.

HOPE. Parents lawes muſt beare no weight
When they happineſſe prevent.
And our ſea is not ſo ſtreight,
But it roome hath for content.

FEARE. Thouſand hearts as victims ſtand,
At the altar of her eyes.
And will partiall ſhe command,
Onely thine for ſacrifice?

HOPE. Thouſand victims muſt returne;
She the pureſt will deſigne:

Chooſe

Chooſe *Caſtara* which ſhall burne,
Chooſe the pureſt, that is, mine.

To CVPID,

Vpon a dimple in CASTARA'S *cheeke.*

NImble boy in thy warme flight,
What cold tyrant dimm'd thy ſight?
Hadſt thou eyes to ſee my faire,
Thou would'ſt ſigh thy ſelfe to aire:
Fearing to create this one,
Nature had her ſelfe undone.
But if you, when this you heare
Fall downe murdred through your eare,
Begge of *Iove* that you may have
In her cheeke a dimpled grave.
Lilly, Roſe, and Violet,
Shall the perfum'd Hearſe beſet
While a beauteous ſheet of Lawne,
O're the wanton corps is drawne:
And all lovers uſe this breath;
"Here lies *Cupid* bleſt in death.

Vpon CVPIDS *death and buriall in* CASTARA'S *cheeke.*

C*Vpids* dead, who would not die,
To b' interr'd ſo neere her eye?

Who would feare the ſword, to have
Such an Alabaſter grave?
O're which two bright tapers burne,
To give light to th' beauteous Urne.
At the laſt *Caſtara* ſmil'd,
Thinking *Cupid* her beguil'd,
Onely counterfeiting death.
But when ſhe perceiv'd his breath
Quite expir'd: the mournefull Girle,
To entombe the boy in pearle,
Wept ſo long, till pitteous *Iove*,
From the aſhes of this Love,
Made ten thouſand *Cupids* riſe,
But confin'd them to her eyes:
Where they yet, to ſhew they lacke
No due ſorrow, ſtill weare blacke.
But the blacks ſo glorious are
Which they mourne in, that the faire
Quires of ſtarres, looke pale and fret,
Seeing themſelves out-ſhin'd by Jet.

To Fame.

FLie on thy ſwifteſt wing, ambitious Fame,
And ſpeake to the cold North *Caſtara's* name.
Which very breath will like the Eaſt wind bring,
The temp'rate warmth, and muſicke of the Spring.
Then from the Arricke, to th' Antarticke pole,
Haſte nimbly, and inſpire a gentler ſoule,
By naming her, ith' torrid South; that he
May milde as *Zephirus* coole whiſpers be.

Nor let the Weſt, where heaven already joynes
The vaſteſt Empire, and the wealthieſt mines:
Nor th' Eaſt in pleaſures wanton, her condemne,
For not diſtributing her gifts on them.
For ſhe with want would ha ve her bounty meet.
Loves noble charity is ſo diſcreet.

A Dialogue betweene

ARAPHILL *and* CASTARA.

ARAPH. DOſt not thou *Caſtara* read
Am'rous volumes in my eyes?
Doth not every motion plead
What I'de ſhew, and yet diſguiſe?
Sences act each others part.
Eyes, as tongues, reveale the hart.

CAST. I ſaw love, as lightning breake
From thy eyes, and was content
Oft to heare thy ſilence ſpeake.
Silent love is eloquent.
So the ſenſe of learning heares,
The dumbe muſicke of the ſpheares.

ARAPH. Then there's mercy in your kinde,
Liſtning to an unfain'd love.
Or ſtrives he to tame the wind,
Who would your compaſſion move?
No y'are pitious, as y'are faire.
Heaven relents, o'recome by prayer.

But

CAST. But looſe man too prodigall
Is in the expence of vowes;
And thinks to him kingdomes fall
When the heart of woman bowes.
Frailty to your armes may yeeld,
Who reſiſts you wins the field.

ARAPH. Triumph not to ſee mee bleed.
Let the Bore chaſ'd from his den,
On the wounds of mankinde feed.
Your ſoft ſex ſhould pity men.
Malice well may practiſe art.
Love hath a tranſparent heart.

CAST. Yet is love all one deceit,
A warme froſt, a frozen fire.
She within her ſelfe is great.
Who is ſlave to no deſire.
Let youth act, and age adviſe,
And then love may finde his eyes.

ARAPH. *Hymens* torch yeelds a dim light,
When ambition joynes our hands.
A proud day, but mournfull night,
She ſuſtaines, who marries lands.
Wealth ſlaves man, but for their Ore,
Th' Indians had beene free, though poore.

CAST. And yet wealth the fuell is
Which maintaines the nuptiall fire.
And in honour there's a bliſſe.
Th' are immortall who aſpire.

But truth ſayes, no joyes are ſweet,
But where hearts united meet.

ARAPH. Roſes breathe not ſuch a ſent,
To perfume the neighb'ring groves;
As when you affirme content,
In no ſpheare of glory moves.
Glory narrow ſoules combines:
Noble hearts love onely joynes.

To CASTARA,

Intending a journey into the Countrey.

WHy haſte you hence *Caſtara?* can the earth,
A glorious mother, in her flowrie birth,
Shew Lillies like thy brow? Can ſhe diſcloſe
In emulation of thy cheeke, a Roſe,
Sweet as thy bluſh? Upon thy ſelfe then ſet
Juſt value; and ſcorne it, thy counterfet.
The Spring's ſtill with thee; But perhaps the field,
Not warm'd with thy approach, wants force to yeeld
Her tribute to the plough; O rather let
Th'ingratefull earth for ever be in debt
To th'hope of ſweating induſtry, than we
Should ſtarve with cold, who have no heat but thee.
Nor feare the publike good. Thy eyes can give
A life to all who can deſerve to live.

Upon

Vpon CASTARA's *departure.*

I Am engag'd to ſorrow, and my heart
Feeles a diſtracted rage. Though you depart
And leave me to my feares; let love in ſpite
Of abſence, our divided ſoules unite.
But you muſt goe. The melancholy Doves
Draw *Venus* chariot hence: The ſportive Loves
Which wont to wanton here, hence with you flie,
And like falſe friends forſake me when I die.
For but a walking tombe, what can he be;
Whoſe beſt of life is forc't to part with thee?

To CASTARA,

Vpon a trembling kiſſe at departure.

TH' Arabian wind, whoſe breathing gently blowes
Purple to th' Violet, bluſhes to the Roſe;
Did never yeeld an odour rich as this.
Why are you then ſo thrifty of a kiſſe,
Authoriz'd even by cuſtome? Why doth feare
So tremble on your lip, my lip being neare?
Thinke you I parting with ſo ſad a zeale,
Will act ſo blacke a miſchife, as to ſteale
Thy Roſes thence? And they, by this divice,
Tranſplanted; ſome where elſe force Paradice?
Or elſe you feare, leſt you, ſhould my heart skip
Up to my mouth, t' incounter with your lip,

Might

Might rob me of it; and be judg'd in this,
T' have *Iudas* like betray'd me with a kiſſe.

To CASTARA,

Looking backe at her departing.

LOoke backe *Caſtara*. From thy eye
Let yet more flaming arrowes flie.
To live, is thus to burne and die.

For what might glorious hope deſire,
But that thy ſelfe, as I expire,
Should bring both death and funerall fire?

Diſtracted Love, ſhall grieve to ſee
Such zeale in death; For feare leſt he
Himſelfe, ſhould be conſum'd in me.

And gathering up my aſhes, weepe,
That in his teares he then may ſleepe:
And thus embalm'd, as reliques, keepe.

Thither let lovers pilgrims turne,
And the looſe flames in which they burne,
Give up as offerings to my Urne.

That them the vertue of my ſhrine,
By miracle ſo long refine;
Till they prove innocent as mine.

Vpon CASTARA'S *abſence.*

TIs madneſſe to give phyſicke to the dead.
Then leave me friends. Yet haply you'd here reade
A lecture; but I'le not diſſected be,
T' inſtruct your art by my anatomie.
But ſtill you truſt your ſenſe, ſweare you diſcry
No difference in me. All's deceit oth' eye.
Some ſpirit hath a body fram'd in th' aire,
Like mine, which he doth to delude you, weare:
Elſe heaven by miracle makes me ſurvive
My ſelfe, to keepe in me poore Love alive.
But I am dead, yet let none queſtion where
My beſt part reſts, and with a ſigh or teare,
Prophane the pompe, when they my corps inter,
My ſoule imparadis'd, for 'tis with her.

To CASTARA,

Complaining her abſence in the Countrey.

THe leſſer people of the aire conſpire
To keepe thee from me. *Philomel* with higher
And ſweeter notes, wooes thee to weepe her rape.
Which would appeaſe the gods, and change her ſhape.
The early Larke, preferring 'fore ſoft reſt
Obſequious duty, leaves his downy neſt,
And doth to thee harmonious tribute pay;
Expecting from thy eyes the breake of day.

From

From which the Owle is frighted, and doth rove
(As never having felt the warmth of love.)
In uncouth vaults, and the chill ſhades of night,
Not biding the bright luſtre of thy ſight.
With him my fate agrees. Not viewing thee
I'me loſt in miſts, at beſt, but meteors ſee.

To THAMES.

SWift in thy watry chariot, courteous *Thames*,
Haſt by the happy errour of thy ſtreames,
To kiſſe the banks of *Marlow*, which doth ſhow
Faire *Seymors*, and beyond that never flow.
Then ſummon all thy Swans that who did give
Muſicke to death, may here forth ſing and live,
For my *Cæſars*. She can fitter ſhore,
Or quicken them who had no life before.
How ſhould the Poplar elſe the Pine provoke;
The ſtately Cedar challenge the rude Oke
To dance at ſight of her? They have no ſenſe
From nature given, but by her influence.
If *Orpheus* did thoſe ſenſleſſe creatures ſtirre,
He was a Prophet, and fore-ſang of her.

To the Right Honourable my very good Lord, IOHN *Earle of S.*

MY Muſe (great Lord) when laſt you heard her ſing
Did to your Uncles Urne, her offrings bring:

And if to fame I may give faith, your eares
Delighted in the muſicke of her teares.
That was her debt to vertue. And when e're
She her bright head among the clouds ſhall reare,
And adde to th' wondring heavens a new flame,
Shee'le celebrate the Genius of your name.
Wilde with another rage, inſpir'd by love,
She charmes the Myrtles of th' Idalian grove.
And while ſhe gives the Cyprian ſtormes a law,
Thoſe wanton Doves which *Cythereia* draw
Through th' am'rous aire: Admire what powre doth ſway
The Ocean, and arreſt them in their way.
She ſings *Caſtara* then. O ſhe more bright,
Then is the ſtarrie Senate of the night;
Who in their motion did like wanderers erre,
Cauſe they deriv'd no influence from her,
Who's conſtant as the's chaſte. The Sun hath beene
Clad like a neighb'ring ſhepheard often ſeene
To haunt thoſe Dales, in hope to meet *Daphne*, there
To ſee a brighter face. Th' Aſtrologer
In th'interim died, whoſe proud art could not ſhow
Whence that Eccliplſe did on the ſudden grow.
A wanton Satyre eager in the chace
Of ſome faire Nimph, beheld *Caſtara's* face,
And left his looſe purſuit; who while he ey'd,
Unchaſtely, ſuch a beauty, glorified
With ſuch a vertue; by heavens great commands,
Turn'd marble, and there yet a Statue ſtands.
As Poet thus. But as a Chriſtian now,
And by my zeale to you (my Lord) I vow,
She doth a flame ſo pure and ſacred move;
In me impiety 'twere not to love.

To CVPID,

Wishing a speedy passage to CASTARA.

THanks *Cupid*, but the Coach of *Venus* moves
For me too slow, drawne but by lazie Doves.
I, lest my journey a delay should finde,
Will leape into the chariot of the wind.
Swift as the flight of lightning through the aire,
Hee'le hurry me, till I approach the faire,
But unkinde *Eumenes*. Thus he will proclaime,
What tribute winds owe to *Castara's* name.
Viewing this prodigie, astonisht they,
Who first accesse deni'd me, will obey,
With feare what love commands: Yet censure me
As guilty of the blackest sorcery.
But after to my wishes milder prove:
When they know this the miracle of love.

To CASTARA

Of Love.

HOw fancie mocks me? By th' effect I prove,
'Twas am'rous folly, wings ascrib'd to love,
And ore th' obedient elements command.
Hee's lame as he is blinde, for here I stand
Fixt as the earth. Throw then this Idoll downe
Yee lovers who first made it; which can frowne

Or ſmile but as you pleaſe. But I'me untame
In rage. *Caſtara* call then on his name;
And though hee'le not beare up my vowes to thee,
Hee'le triumph to bring downe my Saint to me.

To the Spring,

Vpon the uncertainty of CASTARA's *abode.*

FAire Miſtreſſe to the daughters of garlands crown'd,
Riſe, by a lovers charmes, from the parcht ground,
And ſhew thy flowery wealth; that ſhe, where ere
Her ſtarres ſhall guide her, meet thy beauties there.
Should ſhe to the cold Northerne climates goe,
Force thy affrighted lillies there to grow;
Thy Roſes in thoſe gelid fields t' appeare;
She abſent, I have all their Winter here.
Or if to th' torride Zone her way ſhe bend,
Her the coole breathing of *Panaius* lend,
Thither command the birds to bring their quires,
That Zone is temp'rate. I have all his fires.
Attend her, courteous Spring, though we ſhould here
Loſe by it all the treaſures of the yeare.

To Reaſon,

Vpon CASTARA's *abſence.*

WIth your calme precepts goe, and lay a ſtorme
In ſome breſt flegmaticke, which would conforme

Her

Her life to your cold lawes: In vaine y'engage
Your ſelfe on me. I will obey my rage.
Shee's gone, and I am loſt. Some unknowne grove
I'le finde, where by the miracle of Love
I'le turne t'a fountaine, and divide the yeare,
By numbring every moment with a teare.
Where if *Caſtara* (to avoid the beames
Oth' neigh'bring Sun) ſhall wandring meet my ſtreames,
And taſting, hope her thirſt alaid ſhall be;
Shee'le feele a ſudden flame, and burne like me:
And thus diſtracted crie. Tell me thou cleere,
But treach'rous Fount, what lover's coffin'd here?

In anſwer to CASTARA's *queſtion.*

THis I *Caſtara*, who when thou went gone,
Did freeze into this melancholy ſtone,
To weepe the minutes of thy abſence. Where
Can griefe have freer ſcope to mourne then here?
The Larke here practiſeth a ſweeter ſtraine,
Aurora's early bluſh to entertaine;
And having too deepe taſted of theſe ſtreames,
He loves, and amorouſly courts her beames.
The courteous Turtle, with a wondring zeale,
Saw how to ſtone I did my ſelfe congeale,
And murm'ring askt what power this change did move;
The language of my waters whiſpred, Love.
And thus transform'd Ile ſtand, till I ſhall ſee,
That heart ſo ſton'd and frozen, thaw'd in thee.

To CASTARA,

Vpon the diſguiſing his affection.

PRonounce me guilty of a blacker crime,
Then e're in the large Volume writ by Time,
The ſad Hiſtorian reads; if not my art
Diſſembles love, to veile an am'rous heart.
For when the zealous anger of my friend
Checks my unuſuall ſadneſſe; I pretend
To ſtudy vertue, which indeed I doe,
He muſt court vertue who aſpires to you.
Or that ſome friend is dead, and then a teare,
A ſigh or groane ſteales from me: For I feare
Leſt death with love hath ſtrooke my heart, and all
Theſe ſorrowes uſher but its funerall.
Which would revive, ſhould you there mourner be,
And force a nuptiall in an obſequie.

To the honourable my honoured kinſman, Mr. G. T.

THrice hath the pale fac'd Empreſſe of the night,
Lent in her chaſte increaſe her borrowed light,
To guide the vowing Marriner: ſince mute
Talbot th'aſt beene too ſlothfull to ſalute
Thy exil'd ſervant. Labour not t'excuſe
This dull neglect: Love never wants a Muſe.
When thunder ſummons from eternall ſleepe
Th'impriſon'd ghoſts, and ſpreads oth' frighted deepe,

A veile of darkneſſe; penitent to be
I may forget, yet ſtill remember thee,
Next to my faire, under whoſe eye-lids move,
In nimble meaſures, beauty, wit, and love.
Nor thinke *Caſara* (though the ſex be fraile,
And ever like uncertaine veſſels ſaile
On th'ocean of their paſſions, while each wind
Triumphs to ſee their more uncertaine mind,)
Can be induc't to alter. Every ſtarre
May in its motion grow irregular;
The Sunne forget to yeeld his welcome flame
To th' teeming earth: yet ſhe remaine the ſame.
And in my armes (if Poets may divine,)
I once that world of beauty ſhall intwine,
And on her lips print volumes of my love,
Without a froward checke, and ſweetly move
Ith' Labyrinth of delight. If not, Ile draw
Her picture on my heart, and gently thaw
With warmth of zeale, untill I heaven entreat,
To give true life to th'ayery counterfeit.

Eccho *to* Narciſſus,

In praiſe of CASARA's *diſcreet love.*

SCorn'd in thy watry Hme *Narciſſus* lie,
Thou ſhalt not force more tribute from my eye
T'increaſe thy ſtreames: or make me weepe a ſhowre,
To adde freſh beauty to thee, now a flowre.
But ſhould relenting heaven reſtore thee ſence,
To ſee ſuch wiſdome temper innocence,

In

In faire *Caſtara's* love; how ſhe diſcreet,
Makes caution with a noble freedome meet,
At the ſame moment; thould'ſt confeſſe fond boy,
Fooles onely thinke them vertuous, who are coy.
And wonder not that I, who have no choice
Of ſpeech, have praiſing her ſo free a voice:
Heaven her ſevereſt ſentence doth repeale,
When to *Caſtara* I would ſpeake my zeale.

To CASTARA,

Being debar'd her preſence.

BAniſht from you, I charg'd the nimble wind,
My unſeene meſſenger, to ſpeake my minde,
In am'rous whiſpers to you. But my Muſe,
Leſt the unruly ſpirit ſhould abuſe
The truſt repos'd in him, ſaid it was due
To her alone, to ſing my loves to you.
Heare her then ſpeake. Bright Lady, from whoſe eye,
Shot lightning to his heart, who joyes to die
A martyr in your flames: O let your love
Be great and firme as his. Then nought ſhall move
Your ſetled faiths, that both may grow together;
Or if by Fate divided, both may wither.
Harke! 'twas a groane. Ah how fad abſence rends
His troubled thoughts! See, he from *Marlow* ſends
His eyes to *Stymons*. Then chides th' envious trees,
And unkinde diſtance. Yet his fancie ſees
And courts your beauty, joyes as he had cleav'd
Cloſe to you, and then weeps becauſe deceiv'd.

Be

Be constant as y'ar faire, For I fore-see
A glorious triumph waits o'th victory
Your love will purchase, shewing us the prize
A true content: There onely Love hath eyes,

To Seymora,

The house in which CASTARA *lived.*

BLeſt Temple, haile, where the Chaſte Ahair ſhrinde,
Which Nature built, but the exacter hands
Of Vertue poliſht. Though ſad Fate deny
My prophane feet acceſſe, my vowes ſhall flie.
May thoſe Muſitians, which divide the aire
With their harmonious breath, their flight prepare,
For this glad place, and all their accents frame,
To teach the Eccho my Caſtara's name.
The beauteous troops of graces led by love
In chaſte attempes, poſſeſſe the neighb'ring grove,
Where may the Spring dwell ſtill, May every tree
Turne to a Laurell, and prophetique be
Which ſhall in its firſt Oracle divine,
That courteous Fate decrees Caſtara mine.

To the Dew,

In hope to ſee CASTARA *walking.*

BRight Dew which doſt the field adorne
As th'earth to welcome in the morne,
Would hange a jewell on each thorne.

Did not the piteous night, whose eares
Have oft beene conscious of my feares,
Distill you from her eyes as teares?
Or that *Castara* for your zeale,
When she her beauties shall reveale,
Might you to Diamonds congeale?

If not your pity, yet how ere
Your care I praise, 'gainst she appeare,
To shake the wealthy Indies here,
But see she comes, bright lamp of light,
Put out thy light, the world shall spie,
A fairer Sunne in either eye.
And liquid pearle, hang her in row,
On every grasse, that it may bow
In veneration of her brow.

Yet if the wind should curious be,
And were I here, should question thee,
Hee's full of whispers, speake not me.

But if the busie all-seeing day,
Our happy enterview betray,
Left thou confesse too, melt away.

To CASTARA.

STay under the kinde shadow of this tree
Castara, and protect thy selfe and me

From the Sunnes rayes. Which ſhew the grace of Kings,
A dangerous warmth with too much favour brings.
How happy in this ſhade, the humble Vine
Doth 'bout ſome taller tree her ſelfe intwine,
And ſo growes fruitfull; teaching us her fate
Doth beare more ſweets, though Cedars beare more ſtate.
Behold *Adonis* lily and purple flowre,
T'was *Venus* love: That dew, the brany ſhowre,
His coyneſſe wept, while ſtruggling yet alive:
Now he repents, and gladly would revive,
By th' vertue of your chaſte and powerfull charmes,
To play the modeſt wanton in your armes.

To CASTARA,

Venturing to walke too farre in the neighbouring wood.

DAre not too farre *Caſtara*, for the ſhade
This courteous thicket yeelds, hath many betrai'd
A prey to Wolves: to the wilde powers o'th' wood,
Oft travellers pray tribute with their blood.
If careleſſe of thy ſelfe, of me take care.

For like a ſhip where all the fortunes are
Of an adventrous merchant, I muſt be,
If thou ſhould'ſt periſh, bankerout in thee.
My feares have mockt me. Tygers when they ſhall
Behold ſo bright a face, will humbly fall
In adoration of thee. Fierce they are
To the deform'd, obſequious to the faire.
Yet venter not; 'tis nobler faire to ſway
The heart of man, then beaſts, who man obey.

Vpon CASTARA's *departure.*

VOwes are vaine. No suppliant breath
Stayes the speed of swift-heel'd death.
Life with her is gone, and I
Learne but a new way to die.
See the flowers condole, and all
Withere in my funerall.
The bright Lilly, as it day
To play the modell was too in
Parted with her, fades away.
Violets hang their heads, and lose
All their beauty. That the Rose
A sad part in sorrow beares,
Witnesse all those dewie teares,
Which as Pearle, or Diamond like,
Swell upon her blushing cheeke.
All things mourne, but oh behold
How she with her tall Marigold
Closer than now she is gone,
Judging her the fairer Sunne.

A Dialogue betweene

NIGHT *and* ARAPHILL.

NIGHT. LEt silence close thy troubled eyes,
Thy seate in *Lethe* steepe;
The starres bright centinels of the skies,
Watch to secure thy sleepe.

ARAPH. The Norths unruly ſpirit lay
In the diſorder'd Seas:
Make the rude Winter calme as *May*,
And give a lover eaſe.

NIGHT. Yet why ſhould feare with her pale charmes,
Bewitch thee ſo to griefe?
Since it prevents n' inſuing harmes,
Nor yeelds the paſt releife.

ARAPH. And yet ſuch horror I ſuſtaine
As the ſad veſſell, when
Rough tempeſts have incenſt the Maine,
Her Harbor now in ken.

NIGHT. No conqueſt weares a glorious wreath,
Which dangers not obtaine:
Let tempeſts 'gainſt thee ſhipwracke breathe,
Thou ſhalt thy harbour gaine.

ARAPH. Truths *Delphos* doth not ſtill foretell,
Though *Sol* th' inſpirer be.
How then ſhould night as blind as hell,
Enſuing truths fore-ſee?

NIGHT. The Sunne yeelds man no conſtant flame.
One light thoſe Prieſts inſpires.
While I though blacke am ſtill the ſame,
And have ten thouſand fires.

ARAPH. But thoſe, ſayes my propheticke feare,
As funerall torches burne;

While

While thou thy ſelfe the blacks doſt weare,
t' attend me to my Urne.

NIGHT. Thy feares abuſe thee, for thoſe lights
In *Hymens* Church ſhall ſhine,
When he by th' myſtery of his rites,
Shall make *Caſtara* thine.

To the Right honourable,
the Lady E. P.

YOur judgment's cleere, not wrinkled with the Time,
On th' humble fate; which cenſures it a crime,
To be by vertue ruin'd. For I know
Y'are not ſo various as to ebbe and flow
Ith' ſtreame of fortune, whom each faithleſſe wind
Diſtracts, and they who made her, fram'd her blind.
Poſſeſſion makes us poore. Should we obtaine
All thoſe bright gems, for which ith' wealthy Maine,
The tan'd ſlave dives; or in one boundleſſe cheſt
Impriſon all the treaſures of the Weſt,
We ſtill ſhould want. Our better part's immence,
Not like the inferiour, limited by ſenſe.
Rich with a little, mutuall love can lift
Us to a greatneſſe, whither chance nor thrift
E're rais'd her ſervants. For though all were ſpent,
That can create an *Europe* in content.
Thus (Madam) when *Caſtara* lends an eare
Soft to my hope, I Loves Philoſopher,
Winne on her faith. For when I wondring ſtand
At th' intermingled beauty of her hand,

(Higher

(Higher I dare not gaze) to this bright veine
I not aſcribe the bloud of *Charlemaine*
Deriv'd by you to her. Or ſay there are
In that and th' other *Marmion*, *Roſſe* and *Parr*
Fitzhugh, *Saint Quintin*, and the reſt of them
That adde ſuch luſtre to great *Pembrokes* ſtem.
My love is envious. Would *Caſtara* were
The daughter of ſome mountaine cottager,
Who with his toile worne out, could dying leave
Her no more dowre, then what ſhe did receive
From bounteous nature. Her would I then lead
To th' Temple, rich in her owne wealth; her head
Crown'd with her haires faire treaſure; diamonds in
Her brighter eyes; ſoft Ermins in her skin;
Each Indie in each cheeke. Then all who vaunt,
That fortune, them t' enrich, made others want,
Should ſet themſelves out glorious in her ſtealth,
And trie if that, could parallel this wealth.

To CASTARA.

Departing upon the approach of night.

WHat ſhould we feare *Caſtara*? The coole aire,
That's falne in love, and wantons in thy haire,
Will not betray our whiſpers. Should I ſteale
A Nectar'd kiſſe, the wind dares not reveale
The pleaſure I poſſeſſe. The wind conſpires
To our bleſt interview, and in our fires
Bath's like a Salamander, and doth ſip,
Like *Bacchus* from the grape, life from thy lip.

Nor

Nor thinke of nights approach. The worlds great eye,
Though breaking Natures law, will us ſupply
With his ſtill flaming lampe: and to obey
Our chaſte deſires, fix here perpetuall day.
But ſhould he ſet, what rebell night dares riſe,
To be ſubdu'd ith' victʼry of thy eyes?

An Apparition.

MOre welcome my *Coſtara*, then was light
To the diſordered Chaos. O what bright
And nimble chariot brought thee through the aire?
While the amazed ſtars to ſee ſo faire
And pure a beauty from the earth ariſe,
Chang'd all their glorious bodies into eyes.
O let my zealous lip print on thy hand
The ſtory of my love, which there ſhall ſtand
A bright inſcription to be read by none,
But who as I love thee, and love but one.
Why vaniſh you away? Or is my ſenſe
Deluded by my hope? O ſweet offence
Of erring nature! And would heaven this had
Beene true; or that I thus were ever mad.

To the Winter.

WHy doſt thou looke ſo pale, decrepit man?
Why doe thy cheeks curle like the Ocean,
Into ſuch furrowes? Why doſt thou appeare
So ſhaking, like an ague to the yeare?

The

The Sunne is gone. But yet *Caſtara* ſtayes,
And will adde ſtature to thy pigmy dayes,
Warme moiſture to thy veines. Her ſmile can bring
Thee the ſweet youth, and beauty of the Spring.
Hence with thy palſie then, and on thy head
Weare flowrie chaplets, as a bridegroome hed
To th' holy Fane. Baniſh thy aged dulneſſe,
That Virgins may admire and court thy youth.
And the approaching Sunne when he ſhall ſode
A Spring without him, fall, ſince uſeleſſe, blind.

Vpon a viſit to CASTARA *in the night.*

TWas night: When *Phœbe* guided by thy rayes,
Chaſte as my zeale, with incenſe of her praiſe,
I humbly crept to my *Caſtara*'s ſhrine.
But oh my fond miſtake! for there did ſhine
A noone of beauty, with ſuch luſtre crown'd,
As ſhew'd 'mong th' impious onely night is found.
It was her eyes, which like two Diamonds ſhin'd,
Brighteſt ith' darke. Like which could th' Indian find,
But one among his rocks, he would out-vye
In brightneſſe all the Diamonds of the skie.
But when her lips did ope, the Phœnix neſt
Breath'd forth her odours; where might *Iove* once feaſt,
Hee'd loath his heaveply ſurfets: if we dare
Affirme, *Iove* hath a heaven without my faire.

To CASTARA,

Of the chastity of his love.

WHy should you blush *Castara*, when the name
Of love you heare? Who never felt his flame,
Ith' shade of melancholy night doth stray,
A blind Cymmerian banisht from the day.
Let's chastly love *Castara*, and not soile
This virgin lampe by powring in the oyle
Of impure thoughts. O let us sympathize,
And onely talke ith' language of our eyes,
Like two starres in conjunction. But beware
Lest th' Angels, who of love compacted are,
Viewing how chastly burnes thy zealous fire,
Should snatch thee hence, to joyne thee to their quire.
Yet take thy flight, on earth for surely we
So joyn'd, in heaven cannot divided be.

The Description of CASTARA.

LIke the Violet which alone
Prospers in some happy shade:
My *Castara* lives unknowne,
To no looser eye betray'd.
For shee's to her selfe untrue,
Who delights ith' publike view.

Such

Such her beauty, as no arts
Have enricht with borrowed grace,
Her high birth no pride imparts,
For ſhe bluſhes in her place.
Folly boaſts a glorious blood
She is nobleſt being good.

Cautious ſhe knew never yet
What a wanton courtſhip meant:
Nor ſpeaks loud to boaſt her wit,
In her ſilence eloquent.
Of her ſelfe ſurvey ſhe takes,
But 'tweene men no difference makes.

She obeyes with ſpeedy will
Her grave Parents wiſe commands.
And ſo innocent, that ill,
She nor acts, nor underſtands.
Womens feet runne ſtill aſtray,
If once to ill they know the way.

She ſailes by that rocke, the Court,
Where oft honour ſplits her maſt:
And retir'd neſſe thinks the port,
Where her fame may anchor caſt.
Vertue ſafely cannot ſit,
Where vice is enthron'd for wit.

She holds that dayes pleaſure beſt,
Where ſinne waits not on delight.
Without maske, or ball, or feaſt,
Sweetly ſpends a Winters night.
O're that darkneſſe, whence is thruſt.
Prayer and ſleepe oft governes luſt.

She her throne makes reason climbe,
While wilde passions captiving lie
And each article of time,
Her pure thoughts to heaven flie.
All her vowes religious be,
And her love she vowes to me.

CASTARA.

The ſecond part.

Vatumque laſcivos triumphos,
Calcat Amor, pede conjugali.

LONDON,
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1634.

CASTARA.

The second part.

The Second Part.

To CASTARA,

Now poſſeſt of her in marriage.

THis day is ours. The marriage Angell now
Sees th' Altar in the odour of our vow, (moves
Yeeld a more precious breath, then that which
The whiſpring leaves in the *Panchayan* groves.
View how his temples ſhine, on which he weares
A wreath of pearle, made of thoſe precious teares
Thou wepſt a Virgin, when croſſe winds did blow,
Our hopes diſturbing in their quiet flow.
But now *Caſtara* ſmile. No envious night
Dares enterpoſe it ſelfe, t' ecclipſe the light
Of our cleare joyes. For even the lawes divine
Permit our mutuall loves ſo to entwine.
That Kings, to ballance true content, ſhall ſay;
Would they were great as we, we bleſt as they.

Upon

To CASTARA,

Upon the mutuall love of their Majesties.

DId you not see, *Castara*, when the King
Met his lov'd Queene; what sweetnesse she did bring
T' incounter his brave heat; how great a flame
From their brests meeting, on the sudden came?
The Stoicke, who all easie passion flies,
Could he but heare the language of their eyes,
As heresies would from his faith remove
The tenets of his sect, and practise love.
The barb'rous nations which supply the earth
With a promiscuous and ignoble birth,
Would by this president correct their life,
Each wisely chuse, and chastely love a wife.
Princes examples are a law. Then we
If loyall subjects, must true lovers be.

To Zephirus.

WHose whispers soft as those which lovers breath,
Castara and my selfe I here bequeath
To thee calme wind. For heaven such joyes afford
To her and me, that there can be no third.
And you kinds starres, be thriftier of your light,
Her eyes supply your office with more bright
And constant lustre. Angels guardians, like
The nimbler ship boyes shall be joy'd to strike

Or hoiſh up ſaile; Nor ſhall our veſſell move
By Card or Compaſſe, but a heavenly love.
The courteſie of this more proſp'rous gale
Shall ſwell our Canvas, and wee'le ſwiftly ſaile
To ſome bleſt Port, where ſhip hath never lane
At anchor, whote chaſte ſoile no foot prophane
Hath ever trod; Where Nature doth diſpence
Her infant wealth, a beauteous innocence.
Pompe (even a burthen to it ſelfe) nor Pride,
(The magiſtrate of ſinnes) did e'r abide
On that ſo ſacred earth. Ambition ne're,
Built for the ſport of ruine, fabricks there.
Thence age and death are exil'd, all offence
And feare expell'd, all noiſe and faction thence.
A ſilence there ſo melancholy ſweet,
That none but whiſpering Turtles ever meet.
Thus Paradiſe did our firſt parents woo
To harmleſſe ſweets, at firſt poſſeſt by two.
And o're this ſecond, weele uſurp the throne
Caſtara, weele obey and rule alone.
For the rich vertue of this ſoile I feare,
Would be depraved, ſhould but a third be there.

To CASTARA *in a trance.*

FOrſake me not ſo ſoone. *Caſtara* ſtay,
And as I breake the priſon of my clay,
Ile fill she the Canvas with m' expiring breath,
And with thee ſaile ore the vaſt maine of death.
Some Cherubin thus as we paſſe ſhall play,
Goe happy twins of love: The courteous Sea

Shall smooth her wrinkled brow: The winds shall sleepe,
Or onely whisper musicke to the deepe.
Every ungentle rocke shall melt away,
The Syrens sing to please, not to betray.
Th'indulgent skie shall smile: Each starrie quire
Contend, which shall afford the brighter fire.
While Love, the Pilot, steeres his course so even,
Ne're to cast anchor till we reach at heaven.

To DEATH,
CASTARA *being sicke.*

HEnce prophane grim man, nor dare,
To approach so neere my faire.
Marble vaults, and gloomy caves,
Church-yards, Charnell houses, graves,
Where the living loath to be,
Heaven hath design'd to thee.
But if needs 'mongst us thou'lt rage,
Let thy fury feed on age.
Wrinkled browes, and withered thighs,
May supply thy sacrifice.
Yet perhaps as thou flew'st by,
A flamed dart shot from her eye,
Sing'd thy wings with wanton fire;
Whence th'art forc't to hover nigh her.
If Love so mistooke his aime,
Gently welcome in the flame:
They who loath'd thee, when they see
Where thou harbor'st, will love thee.
Onely I, such is my fate,
Must thee as a rivall hate,

Court

Court her gently, learne to prove,
Nimble in the theftes of love.
Gaze on th'errors of her haire;
Touch her lips, but oh beware,
Leſt to ravenous of thy bliſſe,
Thou ſhould'ſt murder with a kiſſe.

IV. CASTARA,

Inviting her to ſleepe.

SLeepe my *Caſtara*, ſilence doth invite
Thy eyes to cloſe up day; though envious night
Grieves Fate ſhould her the ſight of them debarre,
For ſhe is exil'd, while they open are.
Reſt in thy peace ſecure. With drowſie charmes,
Kinde ſleepe bewitcheth thee into her armes;
And finding where Loves chiefeſt treaſure lies,
Is like a theefe ſtole under thy bright eyes.
Thy innocence rich as the gaudy quilt
Wrought by the Perſian hand, thy dreames from guilt
Exempted, heaven with ſweet repoſe doth crowne
Each vertue ſofter then the Swans fam'd downe.
As exorciſts wilde ſpirits mildly lay,
May ſleepe thy fever calmly chaſe away.

Vpon CASTARA's *recovery.*

SHe is reſtor'd to life. Unthrifty Death,
Thy mercy in permitting vitall breath

Backe to *Castara*, hath enlarg'd us all.
Whom griefe had martyr'd in her funerall,
While others in the ocean of their teares
Had sinking, wounded the beholders eares
With exclamations: I without a groane
Had suddenly congeal'd into a stone:
There stood a statue, till the generall doome,
Had rain'd time and memory with her tombe.
While in my heart, which marble, yet still bled;
Each lover might this Epitaph have read.
"Her earth lies here below; her soul's above.
"This wonder speakes her vertue, and my love.

To a Friend,

Inviting him to a meeting upon promise.

MAy you drinke Hesse, or that adulterate wine
Which makes the zeale of *Amsterdam* divine;
If you make breach of promise. I have now
So rich a sacke, that even your selfe will bow
T'adore my *Genius*. Of this wine should *Pyand*
Drinke but a pleasant glasse, he would beginne
A health to *Shakespeares* ghost. But you may bring
Some excuse forth, and answer me, the King
To day will give you audience, or that on
Affaires of state, you and some serious Don
Are to resolve, or else perhaps you'le sin
So farre, as to leave word y'ar not within.
The least of these, will make me onely thinke
Him suttle, who can in his closet drinke

Drunke even alone, and thus made wife treaſt
As dangerous plots as the Low Country ſtues,
Projecting for ſuch baits, as ſhall draw one
To *Holland*, all the herrings from our ſhore.
But y'ar too full of candor, and I know
Will ſooner ſtones at *Sabling* caſements throw,
Or buy up for the ſilenc'd Levits, all
The rich impropriations, then let pall
So pure Canary, and breake ſuch a mouth:
Since charity is ſinn'd againſt in both.
Come therefore bleſt even in the Lollards zeale,
Who canſt with conſcience ſafe, 'fore hen and veale
Say grace in Latine; while I faintly ſing
A Penitentiall verſe in oyle and Ling.
Come then, and bring with you, prepar'd for fight,
Unmixt Canary. Heaven ſend both prove right!
This I am ſure: My ſacke will diſingage
All humane thoughts, inſpire ſo high a rage,
That *Hypocrene* ſhall henceforth Poets lacke,
Since more Enthuſiaſmes are in my ſacke.
Heightned with which, my raptures ſhall ore-whelme,
How good *Caſtara* is, how deare my friend.

To Castara.

Where true happineſſe abides.

Caſtara whiſper in ſome deafe mans eare,
This ſubtill *quære*; and he'le point out where,
By anſwers negative, true joyes abide.
Hee'le ſay they flow not on the Courtiers tide.

Of

Of greatneſſe; they can no firme baſis have,
Upon the trepidation of a wave.
Nor lurke they in the caverns of the earth,
Whence all the wealthy minerals draw their birth,
To covetous man ſo fatall. Nor ith' grace
Love they to wanton of a brighter face,
For th'are above Times battery; and the light
Of beauty, ages cloud will ſoone be night.
If among theſe Content, he thus doth prove,
Hath no abode; where dwels it but in Love?

To CASTARA.

FOrſake with me the earth, my faire,
And travell nimbly through the aire,
Till we have reacht th' admiring skies;
Then lend ſight to thoſe heavenly eyes
Which blinde themſelves, make creatures ſee.
And taking view of all, when we
Shall finde a pure and glorious ſpheare;
Wee'le fix like ſtarres for ever there.
Nor will we ſtill each other view,
Wee'le gaze on leſſer ſtarres than you;
See how by their weake influence they
The ſtrongeſt of mens actions ſway.
In an inferiour orbe below,
Wee'le ſee *Caliſto* looſely throw
Her haire abroad; as ſhe did weare,
The ſelfe-ſame beauty in a beare,
As when ſhe a cold Virgin ſtood,
And yet enflam'd *Iovis* luſtfull blood.

Then

Then looke on *Lede*, whoſe faire beames
By their reflection guild thoſe ſtreames,
Where firſt unhappy ſhe began
To play the wanton with a Swan.
If each of theſe looſe beauties are
Transform'd to a more beauteous ſtarre
By the adult'rous luſt of *Ioue*;
Why ſhould not we, by purer love?

To CASTARA,

Upon the death of a Lady.

Caſtara weepe not, though her tombe appeare
Sometime thy griefe to anſwer with a teare:
The marble will but wanton with thy woe.
Death is the Sea, and we like Rivers flow,
To loſe our ſelves in the inſatiate Maine,
Whence Rivers may, we ne're returne againe.
Nor grieve this Chryſtall ſtreame ſo ſoone did fall
Into the Ocean; ſince ſhe perfum'd all
The banks ſhe paſt, ſo that each neighbour field
Did ſweet flowers cheriſht by her watring, yeeld
Which now adorne her Hearſe. The violet there
On her pale cheeke doth the ſad livery weare,
Which heavens compaſſion gave her: And ſince ſhe
Cauſe cloath'd in purple can no mourner be,
As incenſe to the tombe ſhe gives her breath,
And fading, on her Lady waits in death.
Such office the Ægyptian handmaids did
Great *Cleopatra*, when ſhe dying chid

The

The Aſps ſlow venome, trembling ſhe ſhould be
By Fate rob'd even of that blacke victorie.
The flowres inſtruct our ſorrowes. Come then all
Ye beauties, to true beauties funerall,
And with her, to increaſe deaths pompe, decay.
Since the ſupporting fabricke of your clay
Is falſe, how can ye ſtand? How can the night
Shew ſtarres, when Fate puts out the dayes great light?
But 'mong the faire, if there live any yet,
She's but the fairer *Digbies* counterfet.
Come you who ſpeake your titles, Read in this
Pale booke, how vaine a boaſt your greatneſſe is.
What's honour but a hatchment? What is here
Of *Percy* left, and *Stanly*, names moſt deare
To vertue? But a creſcent turn'd to th' wane,
An Eagle groaning o're an infant ſlaine?
Or what availe her, that ſhe once was led
A glorious bride to valiant *Digbies* bed,
Since death hath them divorc'd? If then alive
There are, who theſe ſad obſequies ſurvive
And vaunt a proud deſcent, they onely be
Loud heralds to ſet forth her pedigree.
Come all who glory in your wealth, and view
The embleme of your frailty. How untrue
(Though flattering like friends) your treaſures are,
Her Fate hath taught you: who, when what ever rare,
The either Indies boaſt, lay richly ſpread
For her to weare, lay on her pillow dead.
Come likewiſe my *Caſtara* and behold,
What bleſſings ancient prophecie foretold,
Beſtow'd on her in death. She paſt away
So ſweetly from the world, as if her clay

Laid

Laid onely downe to slumber. Then forbeare
To let on her bleſt aſhes fall a teare.
But if th'art too much woman, ſoftly weepe,
Leſt griefe diſturbe the ſilence of her ſleepe.

To CASTARA

Being to take a journey.

WHat's death more than departure; the dead goe
Like travelling exiles, compell'd to know
Thoſe regions they heard mention of. 'Tis th'art
Of ſorrow, ſayes, who die doe but depart.
Then weepe thy funerall teares: which heaven t' adorne
The beauteous treſſes of the weeping morne,
Will rob me of: and thus my tombe ſhall be
As naked, as it had no obſequie.
Know in theſe lines, ſad muſicke to thy eare,
My ſad *Caſtara*, you the ſermon here
Which I preach o're my hearſe: And dead, I tell
my owne lives ſtory, ring but my owne knell.
But when I ſhall returne, know 'tis thy breath
In ſighs divided, refuſes me from death.

To CASTARA

Weeping.

Caſtara! O you are too prodigall
Oth' treaſure of your teares; which thus let fall

Make no returne; Well plac'd calme peace might bring
To the loud warres, each free a captiv'd King.
So the unskilfull Indian thoſe bright gems,
Which might adde majeſtie to Diadems,
'Mong the waves ſcatters, as if he would ſtore
The thankleſſe Sea, to make our Empire poore.
When heaven darts thunder at the wombe of Time,
Cauſe with each moment it brings forth a crime,
Or elſe deſpairing to root out abuſe,
Would ruine vitious earth; be then profuſe.
Light, chas'd rude chaos from the wor'd before,
Thy teares, by finding it's returne, worke more.

To CASTARA.

Upon a Fly.

I Heard a figh, and ſomething in my eare
Did whiſper, what my ſhade before did feare,
That it was breath'd by thee: May th' eaſie ſpring
Enricht with odours, wanton on thy wing
Of th' Eaſterne wind; may he to his beauty take,
If he the treaſure of this breath convey'd.
'Twas thine by that ſelect which th' harmonious breath
Of Swans is like, propheticke in their death:
And th' odour, for as it the nard expires
Perfuming Phœnix like, his funerall fires.
The winds of Paradice ſend ſuch a gale,
To make the lovers veſſels calmly ſaile
To his lov'd Port. This ſhall, where it inſpires,
Increaſe the chaſte, extinguiſh unchaſte fires.

To

To the Right Honourable the Lady E.

Madam,

YOu saw our loves, and prais'd the mutuall flame:
In which as incense to your sacred name
Burnes a religious zeale. May we be lost
To one another, and our fire be frost;
When we omit to pay the tribute due
To worth and vertue, and in them to you:
Who are the soule of women. Others be
But beauteous parts oth' female body, she
Who boasts how many nimble *Cupids* skip
Through her bright face, is but an eye or lip;
The other who in her soft brests can show
Warme Violets growing in a banke of snow,
And vaunts the lovely wonder, is but skin:
Nor is she but a hand, who holds within
The chrystall violl of her wealthy palme,
The precious sweating of the Eastern balme.
And all these if you them together take,
And joyne with art, will but one body make,
To which the soule each vitall motion gives.
You are infus'd into it, and it lives.
But should you up to your blest mansion flie,
How loath'd an object would the carkasse lie?
You are all mind. *Cæsars* when she lookes,
On you the Epitome of all, that bookes
Or e're tradition taught, who gives such praise
Unto your sex, that now even customes sayes

He hath a female ſoule, who ere hath writ
Volumes which learning comprehend, and wit.
Caſtara cries to me; Search out and find
The Mines of wiſdome in her learned mind,
And trace her ſteps to honour; I aſpire
Enough to worth, while I her worth admire.

To CASTARA,
Againſt opinion.

WHy ſhould we build, *Caſtara*, in the aire
Of fraile opinion? Why admire as faire,
What the weake faith of man gives us for right?
The jugling world cheats but the weaker ſight.
What is in greatneſſe happy? As free mirth,
As ample pleaſures of th' indulgent earth
We joy, who on the ground our manſion finde,
As they, who ſaile like witches in the wind
Of court applauſe. What can their powerfull ſpell
Over inchanted man, more than compell
Him into various formes? Nor ſerves their charme
Themſelves to good, but to worke others harme.
Tyrant Opinion but depoſe: And we,
Will abſolute ith' happieſt Empire be.

To CASTARA,
Upon Beautie.

Caſtara, ſee that duſt, the ſportive wind
So wantons with. 'Tis happ'ly all you'le finde

Left.

Left of ſome beauty: and how ſtill it flies,
To trouble, as it did in life, our eyes.
O empty boaſt of fleſh! Though our heires gild
The farre fetch Phrigian marble, which ſhall build
A burthen to our aſhes, yet will death
Betray them to the ſport of every breath.
Doſt thou, poore reliqve of our frailty, ſtill
Swell up with glory? Or is it thy skill,
To mocke weake man, whom every wind of praiſe
Into the aire, doth bove his center raiſe.
If ſo, mocke on: And tell him that his luſt
To beauty's, madneſſe? For it courts but duſt.

To CASTARA,

Melancholy.

WEre but that ſigh a penetentiall breath
That thou art mine: It would blow with it death,
T'incloſe me in my marble: Where I'de be
Slave to the tyrant wormes, to ſet thee free.
What ſhould we envie? Though with larger ſaile
Some dance upon the Ocean; yet more fraile
And faithleſſe is that wave, than where we glide,
Bleſt in the ſafty of a private tide.
We ſtill have land in ken. And 'cauſe our boat
Dares not affront the weather, wee'le ne're float
Farre from the ſhore. To daring them each cloud
Is bigge with thunder, every wind ſpeaks loud.
And though wilde rocks about the ſhore appeare
Yet vertue will finde roome to anchor there.

A Dialogue betweene

ARAPHILL *and* CASTARA.

ARAPH. *Castara* you too fondly court
The silken peace with which we cover'd
Unquiet time may for his sport,
Up from its iron den nowse sleepy warre.

CAST. Then in the language of the drum,
I will instruct my yet affrighted eare.
All woman shall in me be dumbe;
If I but with my *Araphill* be there.

ARAPH. If Fate, like an unfaithfull gale,
VVhich having vow'd to th' ship a faire event,
Oth' sudden rends her hopefull saile;
Blow ruine, will *Castara* then repent?

CAST. Love shall in that tempestuous showre
Her brightest blossome like the black-thorne show.
VVeake friendship prospers by the powre
Of fortunes Sunne. I'le in her winter grow.

ARAPH. If on my skin the noysome skar
I should oth' leprosie, or canker weare;
Or if the sulphrous breath of warre
Should blast my youth; Should I not be thy feare?

CAST. In flesh may sickneſſe horror move,
But heavenly zeale will be by it refin'd.

For

For then wee'd like two Angels love,
Without a ſenſe, and clip each others mind.

ARAPH. Were it not impious to repine;
'Gainſt rigid Fate I ſhould direct my breath.
That two muſt be, whom heaven did joyne
In ſuch a happy one, diſjoyn'd by death.

CASY. That's no divorce. Then ſhall we ſee
The rites in life, were types oth' marriage ſtate,
Our ſoules on earth contracted be;
But they in heaven the nuptials conſummate.

To the Right Honourable, my very good Lord,

HENRY *Lord* M.

My Lord,

MY thoughts are not ſo rugged, nor doth earth
So ſtarve precontinate in me, that ninth
Looke not as lovely as when ouer-light
Firſt faſhion'd wings to nimble nimbles flight
To lazie time; who would, to have ſurvai'd
Our varied pleaſures, there have ever ſtaid.
And they were harmleſſe. For obedience
If frailty yeelds to the wilde lawes of ſenſe;
We ſhall but with a ſugred wonder meet;
No pleaſure, if not innocent as ſweet.
And that's your choice: who adde the title good
To that of noble. For although the blood
Of *Marſhall*, *Stanley*, and *Lepel* doth flow
With happy *Brandon* in your veines, you owe

Your

Your vertue not to them. Man builds alone
Oth' ground of honour: For deſert's our owne.
Be that your aime. I'le with *Caſtara* ſit
Ith' ſhade, from heat of buſineſſe. While my wit
Is neither bigge with an ambitious aime,
To build tall Pyramids Ith' court of fame,
For after ages, or to win conceit
Oth' preſent, and ſo grow by opinion great.
Rich in in our ſelves, we envie not the Eaſt,
Her rocks of Diamonds, or her gold the Weſt.
Arabia may be happy in the death
Of her reviving *Phœnix*; In the breath
Of coole *Favonius*, famous be the grove
Of *Tempe*; while we in each others love
For that let us be fam'd. And when of all
That Nature made us two, the funerall
Leaves but a little duſt; (which then as wed,
Even after death, ſhall ſleepe ſtill in one bed.)
The Bride and Bridegroome on the ſolemne day,
Shall with wanne zeale approach our Urne, to pay
Their vowes, that heaven would bleſſe ſo faire their rites,
To ſhew them the faire path to our delights.

To a Tombe.

TYrant o're tyrants, thou who onely doſt
Clip the laſcivious beauty without luſt;
What horror at thy ſight ſhoots through each ſenſe;
How powerfull is thy ſilent eloquence,
VVhich never flatters? Thou inſtruct'ſt the proud,
That their ſwolne pompe is but an empty cloud,

Slave

Slave to each wind. The faire, thoſe flowres they have
Freſh in their cheeke, are ſtrewd upon a grave.
Thourtelfi the rich, their Idoll is but earth.
The vainly pleas'd, that Syren-like their mirth
Betrayes to miſchiefe, and that onely he
Dares welcome death, whoſe aimes at vertue be.
Which yet more ſtale doth to Cæſars move.
What checks me, when the tombe perſwades to love?

To CASTARA,

Vpon thought of Age and Death.

THe breath of time ſhall blaſt the flowrie Spring,
Which ſo perfumes thy cheeke, and with it bring
So darke a miſt, as ſhall Eclipſe the light
Of thy faire eyes, in an eternall night.
Some melancholly chamber of the earth
(For the like Time devoures whom he gave breath)
Thy beauties ſhall entombe, while all who e're
Lov'd nobly, offer up their ſorrowes there.
But I, whoſe griefe no formall limits bound,
Beholding the darke caverne of that ground,
Will there immure my ſelfe. And thus I ſhall
Thy mourner be, and my owne funerall.
Elſe by the weeping magicke of my verſe,
Thou hadſt reviv'd, to triumph o're thy hearſe.

To the Right Honorable, my very good Lord,
the Lord P.

My Lord,

THe reverend man by magicke of his prayer
Hath charm'd so, that I and your daughter are
Contracted into one. The holy lights
Smil'd with a cheerfull lustre on our rites,
And every thing presag'd full happinesse
To mutuall love; if you'le the omen blesse.
Nor grieve, my Lord, is perfected. Before
Afflicted Seas sought refuge on the shore
From the angry North, and to th' shore the Spring
Heard in the ayre the feather'd people sing,
Ere Time had motion, or the Sun attain'd
His province o're the day, this was ordain'd.
Nor thinke in her I courted wealth or blood,
Or more uncertaine hopes; For had I stood
On th' highest ground of fortune, the world knowne
No greatnesse, but what waited on my throne;
And she had onely had that fiere and mind,
I, with my selfe, had th' earth to her resign'd.
In Vertue there's an Empire. And so sweet
The rule is when it doth with beauty meet,
As fellow Consull; that of heaven they
Nor earth partake, who would her disobey.
This captiv'd me. And ere I question'd why
I ought to love *Cæsara*, through my eye,
This soft obedience stole into my heart.
Then found I love might lend to th' quickey'd art

Of

Of Reaſon yet a purer light: For he
Though blind, taught her theſe Indies firſt to ſee.
In whoſe poſſeſſion I at length am bleſt:
And with my ſelfe at quiet, here I reſt,
As all things to my powre ſubdu'd. To me
Ther's nought beyond this. The whole world is ſhe.

His Muſe ſpeaks to him.

THy vowes are heard, and thy *Caſtara's* name
Is writ as faire ith' Regiſter of Fame,
As th' ancient beauties which tranſlated are
By Poets up to heaven; each there a ſtarre.
And though Imperiall *Tiber* boaſt alone
Ovids Corinna, and to *Arne* is knowne
But *Petrarchs Laura*; while our famous Thames
Doth murmur *Sydneyes Stella* to her ſtreames.
Yet haſt thou *Severne* left, and ſhe can bring
As many quires of Swans, as they to ſing
Thy glorious love: Which living ſhall by thee
The onely Sov'raigne of thoſe waters be.
Dead in loves firmament, no ſtarre ſhall ſhine
So nobly faire, ſo purely chaſte as thine.

To Vaine hope.

THou dreame of madmen, ever changing gale,
Swell with thy wanton breath the gaudie ſaile
Of glorious fooles. Thou guid'ſt them who thee court
To rocks, to quick-ſands, or ſome faithleſſe port.
Were I not mad, who when ſecure at eaſe,
I might ith' Cabbin paſſe the raging Seas;

Would like a franticke ſhip-boy wildly haſte,
To climbe the giddy top of th' unſafe maſt?
Ambition never to her hopes did faine
A greatneſſe, but I really obtaine
In my *Caſtara*. Were't not fondneſſe then
To clip the ſhadowes of true bliſſe? And when
My Paradiſe all flowres and fruits doth breed;
To rob a barren garden, for a weed?

To CASTARA,

How happy, though in an obſcure fortune.

WEre we by fate throwne downe below our feare;
Could we be poore? Or queſtion Natures care
In our proviſion? She who doth afford
A feather'd garment, fit for every bird,
And onely voice enough t' expreſſe delight,
She who apparels Lillies in their white,
As if in that ſhe'de teach mans dullen ſenſe,
Wh'are higheſt, ſhould be ſo in innocence.
She who in damaske doth attire the Roſe,
(And man t' himſelfe a mockery to propoſe,
'Mong whom th'humbleſt Judges grow to ſit)
She who in purple cloaths the Violet.
If thus ſhe cares for things even void of ſenſe;
Shall we ſuſpect in us her providence?

To CASTARA.

WHat can the freedome of our love enthrall?
Caſtara were we diſpoſſeſt of all.

The:

The gifts of fortune; richer yet, then she
Can make her slaves, wee'd in each other be.
Love in himselfe's a world. If we should have
A mansion but in some forsaken cave;
Wee'd smooth misfortune: and our selves thinke then
Retir'd like Princes from the noise of men,
To breath awhile unflatter'd. Each wilde beast,
That should the silence of our cell infest,
With clamor, seeking prey; Wee'd fancie were
Nought but an avaritious Courtier.
Wealth's but opinion. Who thinks others more
Of treasures have, then we, he's onely poore.

On the death of the Right Honourable,

GEORGE *Earle of S[illegible]*

BRight Saint, thy pardon, if my sadder verse,
Appeare in sighing o're thy glorious hearse,
To envie heaven. For fame it selfe now weares
Griefes livery, and onely speaks in teares.
And pardon you *Cæsars*, if a while
Your memory I banish from my stile;
When I have paid his death the tribute due,
Of sorrow, I'le returne to Love and you.
Is there a name like *Talbot*, which a showre
Can force from every eye? And hath even powre
To alter natures course? How else should all
Runne wilde with mourning, and distracted fall?
Th' illiterate vulgar in a well run'd breath,
Lament their losse, and earnedly chide death,

For

For his bold rape, while the ſad Poets ſong
Is yet unheard, as if griefe had no tongue.
Th'amaz'd marriner having loſt his way
In the tempeſtuous defart of the Sea,
Looks up but finds no ſtarres. They all conſpire
To darke themſelves, t'enlighten this new fire.
The learn'd Aſtronomer with daring eye,
Searching to tracke the Spheares through which you flie,
(Moſt beauteous ſoule) doth in his journey faile,
And bluſhing, ſayes, the ſubtleſt art is fraile,
And but truths counterfet. Your flight doth teach,
Faire Vertue hath an Orbe beyong his reach,
But I grow dull with ſorrow. Unkinde Fate
To play the tyrant and ſubvert the ſtate
Of ſetled goodneſſe. Who ſhall henceforth ſtand
A pure example to enforme the land
Of her looſe wit? Who ſhall counter-checke
The wanton pride of greatneſſe; and direct
Straid honour in the true magnificke way?
Whoſe life ſhall ſhew what triumph 'tis t'obey
The hard commands of reaſon? And how ſweet
The nuptials are, when wealth and learning meet?
Who will with ſilent piety confute
Atheiſticke Sophiſtry, and by the fruit
Approve Religions tree? Who'le teach his blood
A Virgin law, and dare be great and good?
Who will deſpiſe his ſtiles? And nobly weigh
In Judgements ballance, that his honour'd clay
Hath no advantage by them? Who will live
So innocently pious, as to give
The world no ſcandall? Who'le himſelfe deny,
And to warme paſſion a cold martyr die?

My

My griefe distracts me. If my zeale had faild
What checks the living, knew I not the dead?
The dead, who needs no monument but vaults,
With his pale ashes to entombe his faults.
VVhose fingers no bels, whom the poore
For benefit, for wants, the rich adores.
VVho liv'd a solitary Phœnix, free
From the commerce with this chese, joy'd to be
Still gazing heaven-ward, where his thoughts did move,
Fed with the sacred fire of zealous love.
Alone he sate him, till the call of hours
Did summon him, when gath'ring from each flowre
Their vertuous odours, from his perfum'd neast,
He tooke his flight to everlasting rest.
There shind (great Lord) in thy propitious eyes,
Looke downe, and smile upon this sacrifice.

To my worthy Cousin M. R. G.

In praise of the City life, in the long Vacation.

I Like the greene plush which your meadowes weare;
I praise your pregnant fields, when they beare
Their wealthy burden to th' industrious Barne.
Nor doe I disallow that who are poore
In mind and fortune, either should retire:
But hate that he who's warme with th' holy fire
Of any knowledge, and 'mong us may feast
On Nectar'd wit, should turne himselfe t'a beast,
And graze ith' Country. VVhy did nature wrong
So much her paines, as to give you a tongue

And

And silent language; If converse you hold
With Oxen in the stall, and sheepe i'th fold.
But now it's long Vacation you will say,
The towne is empty, and who ever may
To th' pleasures of his Countrey home repaire,
Flys from th' infection of our Citties aire;
In this your errour. Now's the time alone
To live here, when the City Dame is gone,
T'her house at *Brandford*; for beyond that she
Imagines there's no land, but *Barbary*,
Where lies her husbands Factor. When from hence
Rid is the Countrey Justice, whose non-sense
Corrupted had the language of the Inne,
Where he and his horse lived. We beginne
To live in silence, when the noise on Bench
Not deafens *Westminster*, nor corrupt French
Walks Fleet-street in her gowne. Ruffes off the Barre,
By the Vacations powre translated are,
To Cut-worke bands; And who were busie here,
Are gone to sow sedition in the shire.
The ayre by this is purg'd, and the Termes strife,
Thus fled the City; we the civill life
Lead happily. When in the gentle way,
Of noble mirth, I have the long liv'd day,
Contracted to a moment; I retire
To my *Castara*, and meet such a fire
Of mutuall love; That if the City were
Infected, that would purifie the aire.

Love

Loves Anniversary

To the Sunne.

THou art return'd (great Light) to that blest houre
In which I first by marriage sacred power,
Joyn'd with *Cæsars* hearts: And as the fame
Thy lustre is, as then, so is our flame:
Which had increast, but that by loves decree
'Twas such at first, it ne're could greater be.
But tell me (glorious Lampe) in thy survey
Of things below thee, what did not decay
By age to weakenesse? I since that have seene
The Rose bud forth and fade, the tree grow greene,
And wither, and the beauty of the field
With Winter wrinkled. Even thy selfe dost yeeld
Some thing to time, and to thy grave fall nigher.
But vertuous love is one sweet endlesse fire.

Against them who lay unchastity to the sex of Women.

THey meet but with unwholsome Springs,
And Summers which infections are;
They hear but when the Mermaid sings,
And onely see the falling starre:
Whoever dare
Affirme no woman chaste and faire,
Goe cure your feavers: and you'le say
The Dog-dayes scorch not all the yeare:

In Copper Mines no longer ſtay,
But travell to the Weſt, and there.
The right ones ſee:
And grant all gold's not Alchimie.

What mad man 'cauſe the glow-wormes flame
Is cold, ſweares there's no warmth in fire?
'Cauſe ſome make forfeit of their name,
And ſlave themſelves to mans deſire;
Shall the ſex free
From guilt, damn'd to the bondage be?

Nor grieve *Caſtara*, though 'twere fraile,
Thy Vertue then would brighter ſhine,
When thy example ſhould prevaile,
And every womans faith be thine.
And were there none.
'Tis Majeſtie to rule alone.

To the Right Honourable and excellent learned,

WILLIAM *Earle of* SU.

My Lord,

THe Laurell doth your reverend temples wreath
As aptly now, as when your youth did breath
Thoſe tragicke raptures which your name ſhall have
From the blacke edict of a tyrant grave.
Nor ſhall your *Day* ere ſet, till the Sunne ſhall
From the blind heavens like a cynder fall;
And all the elements intend their ſtrife,
To ruine what they fram'd: Then your fames life,

When

When desp'rate Time lies gasping, shall expire
Attended by the world ith' generall fire.
Fame lengthens thus her selfe. And I to tread
Your steps to glory, search among the dead,
Where Vertue lies obscur'd; that as I give
Life to her tombe, I spight of time may live.
Now I resolve in triumph of my verse,
To bring great *Talbot* from that forren hearse,
Which yet doth to her fright his dust enclose:
Then to sing *Herbert* who so glorious rose,
With the fourth *Edward*, that his faith doth shine
Yet in the faith of noblest *Pembrooke* line.
Sometimes my swelling spirits I prepare
To speake the mighty *Percy*, neerest heire,
In merits, as in bloud, to *Charles* the Great:
Then *Darbies* worth and greatnesse to repeat:
Or *Morleyes* honour, or *Mounteagles* fame,
Whose valour lives eterniz'd in his name.
But whi e I thinke to sing those of my bloud,
And my *Castara's*; Loves unru'y flood
Br aks in, and beares away what ever stands,
Built by my busie fancie on the sands.

To CASTARA,

Vpon an embrace.

'BOut th' husband Oke, the Vine
Thus wreaths, to kisse his leavie face:
Their streames thus Rivers joyne,
And lose themselves in the embrace.

But Trees want ſenſe when they enfold,
And Waters when they meet, are cold.
Thus Turtles bill, and grone
Their loves into each others eare:
Two flames thus burne in one,
When their curl'd heads to heaven they reare.
But birds want ſoule, though not deſire:
And flames materiall ſoone expire.
If not propfane; wee'le ſay
When Angels cloſe, their joyes are ſuch.
For we no love obey
That's baſtard to a fleſhly touch.
Let's cloſe *Caſtara* then, ſince thus
We patterne Angels, and they us.

To the Honourable, G. T.

LEt not thy grones force Eccho from her cave,
Or interrupt her weeping o're that wave,
Which laſt *Narciſſus* kiſt: let no darke grove
Be taught to whiſper ſtories of thy love.
What though the wind be turn'd? Canſt thou not faile
By vertue of a cleane contrary gale,
Into ſome other port? Where thou wilt find,
It was thy better Genius chang'd the wind,
To ſteere thee to ſome Iland in the Weſt,
For wealth and pleaſure, that tranſcends thy Eaſt.
Though *Aſtrodora*, like a ſullen ſtarre
Eccliſpe her ſelfe: Ith' skie of beauty are
Ten thouſand other fires, ſome bright as ſhe.
And who with milder beames may ſhine on thee,
Nor yet doth this eccliſpe beare a portent,
That ſhould affright the world: The firmament

Enjoyes

Enjoyes the light it did, a Sunne as cleare,
And the young Spring doth like a bride appeare,
As fairely wed to the Theſſalian grove
As e're it was; though ſhe and you not love.
And we two, who like two bright ſtarres have ſhin'd
Ith' heaven of friendſhip, are as firmly joyn'd
As bloud and love firſt fram'd us. And to be
Lov'd, and thought worthy to be lov'd by thee,
Is to be glorious. Since fame cannot lend
An honour equals that of *Talbots* friend.
Nor envie me that my *Caſtara's* flame
Yeelds me a conſtant warmth: Though firſt I came
To marriage happy Iſlands: Seas to thee
Will yeeld as ſmooth a way, and winds as free.
VVhich ſhall conduct thee (if hope may divine;)
To this delicious port: and make love thine.

To CASTARA,

The reward of innocent bloud. Love.

VVE ſaw and woo'd each others eyes,
My ſoule contracted then with thine,
And both burnt in one ſacrifice.
By which our marriage grew divine.

Let wilder youth, whoſe ſoule is ſenſe,
Profane the Temple of delight.
And purchaſe endleſſe penitence,
VVith the ſtolne pleaſure of one night.

Time's ever ours, while we deſpiſe
The ſenſuall idoll of our clay.
For though the Sunne doe ſet and riſe,
VVe ioy one everlaſting day.

VVhoſe

Whoſe light no jealous clouds obſcure
While each of us ſhine innocent.
The troubled ſtreame is ſtill impure,
With vertue flies away content.

And though opinion often erre,
Wee'le court the modeſt ſmile of fame.
For ſinnes blacke danger circles her,
Who hath infection in her name.

Thus when toone darke ſilent roome,
Death ſhall our loving coffins thruſt;
Fame will build columnes on our tombe,
And adde a perfume to our duſt.

To his Muſe.

HEre Virgin fix thy pillars, and command
They ſacred may to after ages ſtand
In witneſſe of loves triumph. Yet will wee
Caſtara finde new worlds in Poetry,
And conquer them. Not dully following thoſe
Tame lovers who dare cloath their thoughts in proſe.
But we will henceforth more religious prove
Concealing the high myſteries of love
From the prophane. Harmonious like the ſpheares,
Our ſoules ſhall move, not reacht by humane eares.
That Muſicke to the Angels, this to fame,
I here commit. That when their holy flame,
True lovers to pure beauties would rehearſe,
They may invoke the *Genius* of my verſe.

FINIS.

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